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Believing it has a mission, this little volume is sent on its way, with a prayer that it may inspire many young lives to active Christian service, and with the hope that neither the singer nor the song will be forgotten.

THE AUTHOR.









ANDREW BRUNER.

# How Andrew Won

By

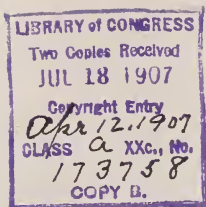
A. M. Bruner

Author of  
"Clover Blossoms"

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*new*  
COPYRIGHT, 1906, A. M. BRUNER.

*First to his mother, then to his Sunday school  
teacher and class who organized the Flower  
Mission in his memory, with many  
others who knew and loved  
him, this little volume  
is affectionately  
dedicated.*



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"Only a beam of sunshine,  
But oh, it was warm and bright;  
The heart of a weary traveler  
Was cheered by its welcome sight.  
Only a beam of sunshine  
That fell from the arch above,  
And tenderly, softly whispered  
A message of peace and love."

•



## CHAPTER I.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born in the city of Rock Island on the seventh day of January, 1894, and was named Andrew.

My father's name is Albert Bruner, and my mother's name, Augusta Bruner. My father is a Young Men's Christian Association secretary, and has been for the past twenty years.

I attended two schools, one named Lincoln, and the other Kimball.

I moved to Elgin, and now take up the same studies I had in my old home. They are arithmetic, grammar, literature, spelling, music, physiology, drawing, history and geography.

I love books and outdoor sports, such as baseball, football, and I also like to play indoor games, but I love

the open air best. The kind of books I like to read are adventurous books and witty books as well.

I get up at half past six every morning and finish my work and then help my mother with the breakfast work.

It is in my mind to attend a higher school after I finish my grammar school work.

I have good friends and have a good mother.

I have not, as yet, thought what I will do in the business line, but know it is better to be good than rich, wise or noble.

ANDREW BRUNER.

(Written about January 1, 1906.)

## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE SHADOW.

No one could tell just how it happened. Andrew returned from school at four p. m., on Wednesday, April 4, 1906, and immediately started for the studio to take his lesson on the violin. He returned at five p. m. and left his instrument. He started at once for the river, and with three other boys rowed across to the west side. They had two dogs with them and started a rabbit from cover soon after landing. Within an hour they started for the east side, when they discovered they had left the dogs. Returning, they lifted them into the boat and a second time started for the east shore. A freight train was passing near the river, and one of the boys cried out, "Look, what a

big engine!" It is supposed the entire company, turning suddenly, upset the boat and they were thrown into the icy water. Andrew started to swim toward the shore, evidently believing it the best plan for safety. His three companions clung to the boat and were rescued a little later. A railroad brakeman, seeing the accident, rushed down to the river and plunged in at once to the rescue.

Andrew sank out of sight when the brakeman was within a short distance of him. The brakeman turned at once to the three boys clinging to the boat, floating bottom side up on the water, and succeeded in getting them safely to shore. He then returned to the spot where Andrew had disappeared and made two unsuccessful attempts to recover the body. Later, through the untiring efforts of the chief of police and his helpers, the body was recovered and taken to the undertakers, where on the fol-

lowing morning, at the coroner's inquest a verdict of "accidental drowning" was rendered.

## CHAPTER III.

### SPRING VACATION DIARY.

*Monday, March 26th.*

It rained all morning, and I worked around the house, and in the afternoon I went over to Fred's house and we played games and spend it in that way.

*Tuesday, March 27th.*

I played with my brother and went down town and played at the Y. M. C. A. till dinner time and then went home. After dinner I went to a neighbor's house and played the rest of the afternoon.

*Wednesday, March 28th.*

Played at home all morning, and in the afternoon I took a music lesson, and then took a ride on Lea's burro.



*Thursday, March 29th.*

Fred and I went down town and I went to the doctor's with Fred, and then we went over to his father's store; got some candy and met Miss Ellis there; went down to his house and kicked tin cans over a high board fence with wire over the top, all afternoon.

*Friday, March 30th.*

I went to Fred's house on a pair of stilts and found him beating rugs, but I think he did a poor job, he got done so quick. We went down town when he was through and walked to the watch factory; then to the Y. M. C. A. and went home at eleven o'clock, and in the afternoon we went to a horse auction, and after that we went to the woods and made a fire, and about five we went home and played marbles till supper time.

*Saturday, March 31st.*

I practiced and then took a short music lesson, and then went up to find Fred up, for before I went down town he was in bed with a bad cold. In the afternoon I played at a recital, and after I got home I went to see Harry Chelseth, for he had been sick with scarlet fever for a long while. I spent the afternoon there and after supper went down town.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HIS LETTERS.

The following vacation letters were written between June 14, 1901 (when he was about seven years of age), and September 27, 1905, four years later.

*"Kimball, Nebraska, June 14, 1901.*

Dear Mamma:

I had the headache yesterday, but I am all right today. We are having lots of fun, playing ball, riding horseback and breaking horses. We went to town to church yesterday, and it rained, so we had to stay in town all night. Philip, Paul, Aunt Emma and I had supper at Linn's and we had breakfast at Uncle Frank's.

Philip came home with Oscar

Linn on the little pony yesterday, and Oscar killed a big bull snake that was three feet long, and Philip and Oscar each killed a sand lizard yesterday. Philip and Oscar got a whole lot of wild roses.

Perhaps we will go to Uncle Alfred's house tomorrow

Wednesday was Philip's birthday, and Emma gave him a pair of cuff buttons, and Mr. Shaefer gave him a pin something like this. (Here Philip had drawn a pen sketch of the pin.)

Your son,  
ANDREW."

---

*"Kimball, July 20, 1901.*

Dear Papa:

We are all well, and I hope you are too. We have been having a good time ever since we have been out here. Philip was bucked off of Uncle Alfred's horse. I do not want

you to tell Mamma because she will feel so bad about it. He got on the horse and no one knew it, but he did not get hurt at all.

I have been to Sunday School every Sunday.

We are going to Uncle Alfred's tomorrow. It was Uncle Emil's birthday yesterday and we were there for supper.

Good bye,

Your son,

ANDREW BRUNER."

---

*"Reynolds, Ill., July 13, 1902.*

Dear Mamma:

I am having a nice time, and I hope you are better. We got the barn moved all right after a lot of trouble. I think John, Will, Cyrus and I together have killed about four hundred ground squirrels.

The other day as I was going to

town alone, two miles and a half away, I was walking down the road and I spied a pole cat, a young wild beast. He was black all over and had pointed ears and a white stripe down his back. He stared at me and then made for the hedge. I went back and got two clubs and walked on. The bumble bees whizzing around my head made me just so mad.

Pearl sends her love to you and all the rest.

Good bye.

Your son,  
ANDREW."

---

*"Reynolds, Ill., July 20, 1902.*

Dear Mamma:

We are all well, and I hope the same with you. I had a fine time on the Fourth. I had a pin wheel, two sky rockets, two roman candles and a few other things. I was very much

obliged for the money. I went to Hamlet, a little town a few miles from our place and we went in swimming. Will, John and myself and a man named Ed. Kouch.

I went to Sunday School and brought Eugene out here with me this morning.

This afternoon I forgot to write, so as soon as I had finished my supper I thought I would write you a letter, as Papa said you were anxious to hear from me. I will write next Sunday.

It is getting near bedtime, good bye.

Your son,

ANDREW."

---

*"Reynolds, Ill., June 21, 1903.*

Dear Mamma:

I got to Reynolds all right, but when I got home I found that I had left my violin on the train and

it had gone to Sherrard. Pearl telephoned and found out where it was. It is to be sent back tomorrow.

I went to Sunday School this morning and was put in the second class. Silas is Superintendent of the Sunday School.

Aunt 'K' said that Papa wrote I was coming Saturday morning, and she went to town on purpose to get me.

Eugene and I helped Aunt 'K' with the dinner dishes.

This is a short letter.

Your loving son,

ANDREW."

---

*"Reynolds, Ill., July 21, 1904.*

Dear Mrs. Lovett:

I am having a good time out here, and I hope you are the same way. The folks out here have just done haying, and every night I had about a handful of hayseed down my neck.



How are you and Mr. Lovett making it these days? It is awfully hot out here. I am coming in the day after tomorrow to stay over Sunday, and come back Monday, after seeing the show. How are all my classmates getting along? I have not had a word from any of them since leaving home. Tell Leo Stevens he owes me a letter. I wrote to him a long while ago. I am going to speak a piece at a social out here called the 'Light-bearers' on August 15th. I have no more to say.

Good bye,

Your Sunday School scholar,

ANDREW BRUNER."

"P. S. I send my best regards to all the class."

---

*"Reynolds, Ill., June 25, 1904.*

Dear Mamma:

I am having a good time. You must remember about Barnum and

Bailey's show, for I want to go real bad. Eugene is going with his papa, and I will try and have them stay for supper.

I will send you a paper that Ella brought from the World's Fair. See if you can fix it in the form of a little safe; beg your pardon, but I cannot get it in the envelope.

Pearl brought me a pencil with an emerald on the end. I want at least *some* money for the Fourth. Eugene is going to have about half a dollar.

I will write Leo Stevens, because I promised him I would. You must write me soon with the money for the Fourth.

Ella said to send her love.

Your son,

ANDREW."

The half dollar was sent and a good time thus assured.

---

*"Reynolds, July 18, 1904.*

Dear Papa:

Everything is going fine out here. We are putting up hay. No accidents have happened to me since I have been out here, only I ran about thirty thorns in my feet.

I have killed twenty rats and Eugene ten this summer. Did the great big (?) mean for me to write, or what did it mean? My fingers and hands and everything else did not get hurt on the Fourth.

I did not have any stamps, so I was unable to write.

Maybe Cyrus will come up on the 25th to see Paul. I have been coaxing him all the time. Eugene and Rob will come and stay for dinner, I am quite sure.

I have a surprise for Mamma when I get there. I know she will like it.

Ella is coming up some time to see you and Mamma.

You can either send me the money or else Aunt 'K' will pay my way up. I have five hats, two advertisements, one straw, one jockey and a Sunday hat.

I am on a big ball team. We beat Aledo nine to nothing the other day. We are going to play the Hamlet team in about two weeks and beat them. I can stand on my head five minutes and more and on my hands a little bit.

I will tell the rest Sunday.

ANDREW."

---

*"Moline, Ill., July 10, 1905.*

Dear Paul:

How are you getting along? I am having a good time. The girls up here are getting up a ball team. They can play pretty good. Mrs. Johnston is manager.

Write and tell me if Dutch is sending you the ball news and if he is

not I will send it. I went to a game about a week before I came up here and bought some peanuts and Dutch was there. I gave him some, and he got some 'ice cold water' and then some cracker jack.

I went fishing the other day with another 'kid' that I go with, eight years old, and we caught two carp on our line. I have four lines out now. We got some fish in a seine this morning bigger than a minnow; two bull heads, two carp, about ten white fish and some other kind. We have great fun.

Please write me. Rock Island ball team is having tough luck.

I did not go camping, but the 'kids' passed here.

Good bye,

Your brother,

ANDREW."

DIARY, JULY 4, 1905.

"Today I am staying with some folks in Moline, and am having a fine time. It was the night of July 3rd, that we went down town and got a lot of fireworks.

The morning of July 4th, I got up real early and was very much disappointed because it was sprinkling and I did not think I would enjoy it, but it finally stopped and the sky cleared and then I shot my fireworks and had a good time. In the afternoon at 2:30 we all went to Rock Island, a city a few miles below on the Mississippi River, and we took a boat from there and went down the river to Muscatine, a city about ten miles below, and got back at eight o'clock, when we got some fireworks and shot them off till about eleven o'clock, and then went to bed."

---

*"Moline, Ill., July 25, 1905.*

Dear Mamma:

How are you getting along? I am having a great time here. I play ball most of the time. Yesterday we went fishing and caught one little channel cat-fish four inches long.

There is a boy here who lives in Ottawa, Illinois (where "Starved Rock" is) staying near us, and we play with him all the time. When I went fishing I got dirty and Mr. Johnston got sore, and now I have to stay in the yard all the rest of the week. I have been at Chautauqua, and I saw James with Welds Sunday afternoon.

I went in swimming at Prospect Park lake. I can swim about a rod.

James is going on an excursion on the W. W. to Muscatine and back, ten cents round trip. I had to pay \$1.00 on the J. S., July 4th.

I am sorry I did not get to give  
young Smith a birthday present.

Good bye,

Your son,

ANDREW."



## CHAPTER V.

### PLAY.

In Rock Island, in the rear of the lot, there was a deep grotto, formed by the removal of earth many years before. On one side was an oak tree in which a swing had been placed. One end of the rope was loosed, and standing on a stump on one side of the grotto, the children would swing out into space and whirl rapidly around the tree until they landed on the other side; then, with a shout, they would sail out into space again with the delightful creeping sensation of one flying, and landing on the bank, would hand the rope to some one waiting their turn.

There was usually a goodly company waiting for the ride, which, by the children was called "The Round

Trip." Often we would stand on the porch and watch the performance, and I can almost see Andrew's form flying around the tree and hear his merry laugh as he passed the rope to one of those waiting, and with animation would say, "It's your turn now."

#### BASEBALL.

In the summer of 1904, the writer accepted an invitation from the boys to pay their way and witness a ball game between the Davenport and Rock Island teams. We mounted the bleachers, Andrew and I sitting together, he all the while industriously explaining the game and giving information as to the relative merits of the contesting teams. My thoughts had wandered far away on some Association problem, when a mighty shout caused me to raise my eyes to the field to see that a clever hit had fairly cleared the bases. "Not so bad, Andrew, not so bad," I said,

to show that I at least, was paying some attention to the game. With a look of honest indignation and tears glistening in his big blue eyes he replied in a trembling voice, "It's *too* bad, that makes eight for Davenport." Glancing at the score board, I saw that the score stood two to eight, in favor of Davenport, and then realized my blunder. From that hour I have been interested in the national game.

As I write these lines his score book for 1905 lies before me, in which he has recorded the games of that year during his summer vacation spent in Moline. He loved the game and was an enthusiast, inspiring others to interest.

#### SILVER THIMBLE.

"I think Aunt 'K' should have a silver thimble. She has nothing but a brass thimble, and I am going to try to save money enough to buy her

a silver one for a Christmas present," said Andrew, on returning from his summer vacation in 1904. Twice he had expressed a desire to make the present, but with a heart o'er-flowing with love for everybody, his Christmas money failed to do all that he had hoped. When he was carried back to sleep near the scenes of his summer vacation, the silver thimble was sent, and the engraving read, "To Aunt 'K' from Andrew."

#### THE SWING.

When we visited Aunt "K's" they led us out past the big deep well along side of the old-fashioned flower garden to a maple grove near the orchard and showed us a rope swing, high from the ground, which Andrew had placed there two years before. Evidently he would climb the tree to get into the swing, and then with his bare feet push out from the tree, and with the delightful sensa-

tion of being suspended in mid air, shut in by green walls, with the song of a hundred birds ringing in his ears, he would swing back and forth and dream of the great outside world about which he had read in his favorite books.

"We could not bear to take it down," they told us, and at once the place where some of his happiest hours were spent became a hallowed spot to us.

All dreams come true in the land where he has gone, and by and by he will tell us about those wonderful hours in the swing down by Aunt "K's" orchard.

## CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL.

*"601 Brook St., Elgin, Ill.*

*September 27, 1905.*

Dear Friend Donald:

I am sure you will wish you were here when I tell you about the fine time I am having. Although I do get lonesome, I have a fine time. I will tell you the good time I had arrow-head hunting.

Of course, you know, I did not get any, which is my luck always. We found some chips, but no perfect arrow-heads. We started early and went to Uncle John's farm. We hunted a few hours till we got hungry and then we went home, but we had lots of fun. I wish you could see our fine collection of arrow-heads now.

I attend school here and like it fine, although I find the studies hard, but I will soon get used to it. I have a fine teacher who is willing to help me. We have manual training here, and the other day when we did not have our material we were all sent back.

Please send me the address of some of my old friends.

Good bye,  
Your loving friend,  
ANDREW."

"P. S. Give my regards to the family and write soon."

---

The following was taken from his composition book:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Jimmy Coleman was a poor little newsboy who lived in the city of New York.

It was two days before Christmas: "I guess I'll buy some nuts for Jessie," he said, "and she can put them away until Christmas, and as I only have seven cents, I am afraid we won't have a very happy time Christmas."

Next morning he was up early and was down to the news stand before any of the other boys were there. After getting the papers, he quickly scanned the headlines for some big event, but there was none, but his heart was light and he whistled as he trudged along.

No one seemed to notice him. It was very cold and Jimmy was almost frozen, but luck was bound to come. A tall, richly-dressed man came up, bought a paper, and handed Jim a dollar and moved quickly on. "Thankee mister," called Jimmy, as the man was lost to sight in the rapidly increasing crowds of Christmas buyers.



He thought there was no use to sell any more papers, so he bought a chicken for seventy-five cents, then boarded a car, and while all were talking and chattering about Christmas, the little boy fell asleep and the bundle of papers fell from his grasp to the floor.

A kind woman picked up his bundle and put it on his lap and put a dollar in his vest pocket and walked on. Soon others began to open hearts and purses, and the little boy's pockets began to bulge out.

Nickels, pennies, dimes and quarters jingled in his pockets, and even the grim old conductor passed a dime into his pocket. Soon the conductor awakened him and told him he might miss his place. He rang the bell when he got to the right place, and when he got out he began to feel cold, the air outside being a great contrast to the warm car. He put his hands into his pockets

to get them warm, when, wonders of wonders, he brought up a handful of money.

You may guess for yourself if there was not a happy Christmas at Jimmy's next morning.

#### NARCISSUS.

"Once upon a time there was a man named Pan, and he was a Satyr as much and more than a man, and he was King of the Satyrs.

Pan fell in love with a beautiful girl named Echo, but Echo had never seen a more beautiful man than Pan, because she lived in the woods and had no chance to see any one, and she thought rather than marry ugly Pan, she would go unmarried.

But, one day as she was walking in the woods, she chanced to meet Narcissus, who was very beautiful. Then he told her if she would show him his image he would marry her,

so Echo led the way to the lake and showed him his image.

He forgot all about his promise and stayed and looked at his image till he pined away and Echo also pined away till she had nothing left but her voice.

And that is why, when you go out into the woods and shout, "Echo" answers back to you in the same words.

#### THE FINDING OF GABRIEL.

One Sabbath morning as Evangeline was in the city of Pestilence, she went to the Alms House to make some of the sick happy, and on her way she gathered flowers to give to the sick. She could hear the bell of the Christian church ringing out an invitation to the people, and she thought of Gabriel and went into the Alms House.

Something seemed to say to her, "Now all my troubles will be ended

soon." As she walked along the aisles, the sick turned on their pillows of pain to gaze on her sweet face as she passed.

Suddenly, Evangeline started, and a cry of terrible anguish escaped her lips, as she saw before her an old man who looked up lovingly at her, and she cried out, "Gabriel, Oh, my beloved," and she fell down at the bedside before him. He tried in vain to utter her name, but the accents remained on his lips unuttered.

As he breathed his last, Evangeline bent over him and murmured, sadly and meekly, "Father, I thank thee."

#### JAMES-FITZ-JAMES VISIT.

James-Fitz-James and about one hundred mounted hunters were chasing a stag. They started it where it was drinking on Monan's rill.

There were a hundred hounds and they were leading a very hard chase,

but the stag was very fleet and the shout and horn-blowing echoed and re-echoed and the mountains around kept answering the shouts which seemed to increase his speed.

The men were afraid of losing their horses, and they kept gradually falling out. They were afraid to stem the flooded firth at the risk of losing their lives, but many went over, and when they reached the "Brigg of Turk," the foremost horseman rode alone. He was James-Fitz-James. He kept following, but could not gain any. His horse was foaming at the mouth and laboring hard to get his breath, and when he was about to get the stag, it made a mighty dash and escaped, and then the horse fell and labored hard to keep breathing, but it was no use, he died mid the sobs of the rider, who cursed the day of his horse's death, but finally arose and walked on and on. He had lost his way and

was wandering about blowing his horn, thinking he might run across some of his friends. He wandered till he found himself on the shores of a lake (Loch Katrine) and in the midst of the lake was an island, and while he stood peering through the bushes, he blew his horn and instantly a beautiful lady in a light shallop started out from an aged oak that grew on the shore of the island, and as she emerged she called "Father, was thine the blast," and hearing no answer, she grew more timid, and then said, "Malcolm, was it you?" and then James-Fitz-James emerged from the bushes and announced his coming and his being a stranger; and she kindly took him into her boat and carried him to the island where she took him to a log house that was in a secluded place, and he entered and beheld many relics of the hunt and the chase. There were deer heads, wildcat rugs

and skins and many others. In fact, the room was full of these trophies. His coming had been told by the family minstrel, "Alan-an-Bane," for he was a prophet and had fully described him before he had come.

He was well entertained and was never asked a question because of the reverence at that time for guests. He had horrible dreams that night and went out into the open air, and after a while went back and slept peacefully the rest of the night; and was ready to take his leave, and when he did, the next morning, he was glad at having met such a fine lady.

#### MY VOYAGE.

In the year 1492, in the country of Spain, August 3, I started in one of the three ships fitted out for Columbus, to sail on to a trackless ocean in the hope of finding a new route to Asia, where Spain was now carrying on its chief trade. But before I tell

you about the voyage, I will tell you the story of my life:

I was born in the city of Madrid, on the fifteenth day of October, in the year of 1467. I may as well say, my father was a sailor, and I used to go for months at a time and stay with relatives. I naturally became attached to the sea, and longed for the time when I would be old enough to go out in the big ships and sail away. How I longed for the time to come.

But, soon I had other things to think about, for when I was ten years of age, my mother died. I was very sorry, because she had been a good mother to me.

At the age of fifteen, my father also died, and I went to the coast to live. I was very sorry for my father's death, yet was happy, for now I was to be near the sea always.

I was twenty when I went to work. It was in a ship and I was filled with



delight at the prospect of being a sailor. I worked there for a long time, and afterwards took employment in many different ships till I could do anything that was required in the way of ship help.

I had been on a few adventurous trips, and on one occasion had been lost on ship-board, and we had been without food or water for four days. I have been on many other trips of adventures which I will not relate here.

But, it happened that during my travels I became acquainted with Columbus, the now famous Genoese, and we became the warmest of friends. It so came about that when Columbus started out in search of a new route to Asia, which route he wished to be shorter than the one by which trade was now being carried on, that I was asked to accompany him on the voyage. Although I disliked very much to leave this

country and my wife and children, perhaps never to return, being an adventurous person, I gladly accepted his invitation. And it came about that I sailed with Columbus.

At this time the people were very superstitious and were convinced that there were great dangers in the undertaking; and then, too, they thought that the earth was flat and any one sailing out too far on the ocean would be swallowed up by the sea gods which were supposed to lurk about the sea, but if they escaped the gods, they would fall off the end of the earth and be killed.

But Columbus was not so superstitious himself as to believe these things. He thought the earth was round.

When we started there were crowds to see us depart. I sadly said good bye to my friends and wife and children, and we were off.

I enjoyed it very much, but after

sailing for about two months and not seeing land, the rest of the sailors began to be scared and wished we had never started and begged Columbus to turn back. He said he was sure we would soon sight land, and so we went on. Finally, some of the sailors plotted to throw him overboard. He, however, learned of this, and to appease them he said the one that first saw land should have a velvet coat.

We all watched day and night, and one day Columbus saw birds resting on the masts and sticks floating in the water and knew this was a sure sign of land and was very happy.

One morning, a few days later, we heard the cry of "Land, land." We all rushed to the deck and saw before us a wide stretch of land which we looked upon with hungry eyes. Then we all went down and planted our flag in the name of Spain and held

a long ceremony. Columbus thought he was in India, although he did not see the beautiful cities, spices and silks, but he saw there the most curious beings, and Columbus, thinking he was in India, called the inhabitants "Indians."

We were in North America, in one of the Bahama Islands, and we found out that the Indians were afraid of us. They thought us and the white sails of our ships to be the spirits and they ran away, but they soon became bolder and were not afraid of us. They were of a dull red or copper colored complexion and were fierce and strong.

We soon set sail again for Spain, and when we arrived the people crowded around to hear the news. The people soon became interested in the trip, and Columbus set sail with a great many more ships and men. He went on another great voyage, but I only accompanied him on

his first voyage to America, the most eventful of my career.

#### A FISHING DAY.

One Saturday morning my brother and I went fishing. We got up at four o'clock and ate our breakfast, we then dug our bait, and taking our fishing tackle, started.

When we got to the fishing place, we threw in three long cast lines and then fished for three hours, and then we got tired watching our lines and went in swimming for a while.

When we came out, we found that neither of us had caught anything, so we took our poles and fished for about an hour, and had a little better luck. My brother caught four big fish, and I caught two. We fished all morning and caught nine. After that we ate our lunch and satisfied our hunger and then we caught three more. We cooked those and ate them ourselves, as we were again

hungry. We hunted for turtle eggs and swam again, and then played games till we were tired, then we went back to our poles and lines and fished till we were tired.

We then went home and ate like we were starved.

We tried fishing again, but did not have such good luck as we had that Saturday.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FRIENDS.

For a while after settling in Elgin, Andrew was very lonely and constantly talked about the friends in Rock Island. "I just don't get used to the 'kids' here, Mamma," he would say. "I suppose I will after a while, but I would like to see the Twenty-first Street 'kids' again and attend a baseball game down there." When he began to make friends, the loneliness began to disappear and he soon made a place for himself in the community. He would often talk to his mother about the Rock Island people and say, "I like Elgin pretty well, but I cannot forget the Rock Island friends."

## THE NEW LEG.

"Has it come, Ed?" cried Andrew, as he entered the bedroom in eager expectancy. "Yes, it is here, Andrew," said Ed. "Can you walk on it?" "Yes, first rate," said Ed. "Let me see you do it," cried the little enthusiast, and the man of fifty years, who had lost a leg by injury, adjusted the new artificial member and walked around the room, to Andrew's great delight. "It's great, isn't it, Ed?" said Andrew. "I am glad it's all right," and he smiled his satisfaction.

Six weeks before, when Ed was in the hospital, Andrew, with other children, had visited him and carried flowers and good cheer, and afterwards, when he returned home and was still confined to his room, Andrew had, on various occasions, slipped in with his violin, and helped to beguile the lonely hours of the in-



jured man. It was not strange, therefore, that the man of fifty brought flowers and followed our little man to his resting place on the day of his "Coronation." Smile for smile and flower for flower is the Master's own way to brighten His world and set the joy bells ringing.

#### HUMOR.

Andrew possessed a rare sense of humor that manifested itself in various ways, but always in a manner not calculated to wound the feelings of others. All the latest conundrums were laid before the family, usually at meal time, and his eager face was an inspiration as he listened to the answers to questions propounded. On the Sunday before the accident, April 1st, Andrew called up a number of his friends by phone. "Is this 1906?" he would ask. "No," came back the reply, "this is——."

"Better look at the calendar," called Andrew, and then with a merry little laugh, he would say, "April first, good bye."

He was so modest and friendly that he never gave offence while carrying forward his little schemes to promote diversion and amusement.

#### COURTESY.

After Andrew was gone, an elderly lady who passed the house daily for her meals said, "He was one of the most manly boys I ever met. He never failed to step out from the group of children with whom he was playing, and lift his cap to me with a winning smile, as if it were both a duty and pleasure to do so. The other children paid little attention, but I always looked for the little courtesy from him, and missed it sadly when he was gone."

## THE PIGEONS.

When our little man was brought back from the fatal boat ride on the Fox River, the following articles were found in his pockets:

A little edition of "John's Gospel," given by a friend three years before; an application for active membership in the Epworth League; a pencil, a blue marble, his monthly school report card, received on the same day, not yet examined; and a little purse containing a half dollar, received on the same morning with which to purchase a pair of pigeons.

Andrew and James were very insistent on having pets, and somehow, the number invariably increased until there had to be a reduction of the population. They had secured a rabbit in the fall and kept adding to their number until they had a family of four. Fear for the fruit trees led to the suggestion that they could

be replaced with a pair of pigeons, which had the effect of their disposing of the collection. But a day or two before the accident, when the rabbits were taken away, Andrew said, with tears in his eyes, "Say, Mamma, I just hate to see that white rabbit go." The pigeons, brought by his friend on the day we laid him away, are now circling about the barn, and as the sunlight glistens on their plumage, we think of the little owner who never saw them and for which the money found in his pocket was to be given. His friend refused the money when the pigeons were brought, and it became the nucleus of the "Flower Mission," founded in his memory by his Sunday School class.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOME.

One day while helping his mother with the house work, in a little burst of confidence, Andrew said, "Mamma, I never can enjoy my play when I know the work is not finished, and am always anxious to have it done before I leave the house."

### POETRY.

"I just love poetry now since Miss Ellis interprets it," said Andrew. "We are studying the Lady of the Lake, and for a while I was not interested, but Miss Ellis has a way of interpreting that seems to change everything," and looking into his mother's face with a modest little smile, his own face beaming with

enthusiasm, he repeated, "I just love poetry now."

#### IN DEMAND.

As youngest of the older children, and eldest of the younger ones, Andrew was somehow expected to do errands for all. "Run and get a pitcher of water, Andrew," or, "see how quickly you can get a loaf of bread, dinner is ready and the baking is not done. That's a good boy, Andrew." "I don't see how we could get along without that child," said Mamma, "he does everything and never expects anything else." "I don't think Andrew gets a square deal," replied Papa, "he takes the responsibility for the entire family and gets the fewest favors." The little children demanded attention, and the older ones occasioned worry, but, somehow, Andrew was the link that bound together the demands and worries and smoothed out the wrin-

kles of the household. He appeared to regard it a duty and rarely complained that he was official errand boy for the family.

#### BUSY.

To a friend he said, "I wish the days were longer, there is so much to do." When he was not at work or play he could be found curled up on a settee in the library, buried deep in some book of adventure.

#### MEETING PUNISHMENT.

When a wee small lad, he would sometimes forget to return from play until a late hour at noon or night. He never waited to be called to report, but at once made his way to his mother's presence and stood waiting with up-lifted eyes to be reproved. Usually she said in a quiet voice, "Andrew," to which he replied, "What;" then a little louder, "An-

drew," again he faintly replied, "What," and to a third, "Andrew," the tears would flow down his cheeks, and with a trembling voice he answered, "What." This usually completed the punishment and he ate his meal, but boy-like, promptly repeated the offense the following day.

#### EXPLORING.

His longing to explore and see things grew, and while spending the summer with Aunt "K" on the farm, he was possessed with an irresistible longing to visit, with some house-movers, Preemption, a small village of less than a hundred inhabitants, five miles away. He asked permission to make the trip, but was counseled against it. Unable, however, to resist the temptation, which was probably intensified by the house-movers desiring to hear him talk and sing, he made the visit. Overtaken



by a terrific rain storm, he returned dripping wet and covered with mud. Very crestfallen, but with old time promptness, he sought Aunt "K," and as her eyes fell on his sorry looking little form, he burst into tears and said, "If I had not gone I would never have seen Preemption."

#### FAITHFUL.

The day before the accident, Andrew was too ill to attend school, but in the afternoon, while feeling somewhat better, he took a supply of "Savanol," for which he had the agency, and went out to make a sale. He was not successful, and returned in a little while and lay down on the couch again. It was his last effort, and showed his devotion to duty.

A few days before, he was sent to the store for a loaf of bread. He returned very much cast down with the intelligence that the money was

lost. For not exercising care, he was requested to make payment for the bread out of his own funds. Hardly thinking it had been cared for, when payment afterward was tendered, the dealer said, "Andrew paid for that a few days ago." Later, the nickel was found where he had accidentally dropped it in his dresser drawer. Its discovery brought back tender memories of the boy who was trusty, conscientious, honest and true to the heart's core.

#### BIRTHDAYS.

Andrew was an enthusiastic observer of birthdays. He it was who thought of presents, and he usually planted a kiss for each year on the cheek of the one being honored. "Dear little Arpie, you are four years old to-day," or, "Hello, Mamma, this is your birthday," or, "Do you know what day this is, Papa?"

If they celebrate birthdays yonder, surely our little man will add to the occasions, for his chief joy consisted in making others feel that they were appreciated.

#### SAVING PHILIP.

It was not known until after the accident that Andrew had saved Philip, three years his senior, from a similar fate in the Fox River.

Shortly after their removal to Elgin, the three brothers Paul, Philip, and Andrew, made daily trips to a point near the water works and spent half hours swimming. They called these swims "in-goers." Philip was overtaken with cramps, and Andrew, although three years younger, succeeded in bringing him to shore. Fearing that knowledge of this might end their swimming excursions, they refrained from any allusion to the incident until after the fatal acci-

dent that cut short the bright young life. Speaking of Philip's rescue afterwards, one said, "He saved others, himself he could not save."

#### THE LITTLE ROOM.

For several months, Philip and Andrew had occupied a little back room together. It was here they had their "pillow-battles," and where a "Big Bear" came to awaken them in the morning with ferocious growls. They would feign sleep until the bear laid hold of them with great rough paws, and it was Andrew who first broke into a merry laugh and gave up the attempt to feign he was asleep. That room has become a sacred place. Here the boys exchanged confidences and laid their plans for work and play. Some of the plans will find fulfillment in the life of the boy remaining, as a result of the happy hours spent together in the "Little Back Room."

"IN."

When quite small, Andrew and Lois had a habit of coming to our bedroom every morning for a little visit. Often they would creep in before it was light, climb into our bed, and at once begin to relate their dreams and their plans for the day. These visits led to our playfully calling them "Jack and Jill," and afterwards to the verses below, which appeared in a little volume entitled "Clover Blossoms."

When, from the "fire place" of the East,  
The crimson daylight spills.  
On waning night, as finished feast,  
Across the glowing hills,  
Wee footsteps, light as thistle down,  
Fall in the silent room,  
And little white-robed forms peer 'round  
Through the receding gloom.

"Is you 'wake, Mamma? We is here  
To visit you again;"  
And then another voice as near  
Says, "Papa, did it rain?"  
Last night I had an awful dream;  
I've come to tell you how  
The time I gave that biggest scream,  
I saw a great black cow."

They quickly climb into our bed—  
This modern Jack and Jill—  
With flashing eye and nodding head,  
Followed by others still,  
They smile their joy and tell their grief,  
With quivering little chin,  
And with a feeling of relief,  
We tuck them snugly in.

As birds of passage in their flight,  
The years wing swiftly on,  
And all too soon, with morning light,  
We'll long for faces gone;  
And yet, please God, some radiant day,  
Removed from strife and din  
Of earth, with glad content we'll say,  
The children all are in.

## CHAPTER IX.

### CHURCH.

When Andrew was seven years old he united with the M. E. Church at Rock Island. At the same time twelve or more others were received, nearly all of whom were grown people. The pastor, Dr. McCullough, commenting on Andrew's size and age said, "Who knows but in God's great day little Andrew will shine the brightest of them all." Andrew's grandfather, William B. Bruner, or "Uncle Billy," as he was affectionately called, was a unique figure in the First Church at that time. A veteran of two wars (Mexican and Civil), a class leader for thirty-five years, and an active member of the Epworth League. They sat down together, the veteran of eighty and the sweet-faced

boy of seven, and the veteran's hand would be stretched out to pat the little grandson's head as he nestled down beside him, the picture of content. For more than four years, until the old veteran was "mustered out," they occupied the pew together, and were observed for their tender affection for one another. The old veteran greeted the new "recruit" again at "roll call" on the day the waves of the Fox River closed over his little form when they took up service together in the Kingdom.

#### COMMUNION.

Andrew was always a regular attendant at church. On the last Sunday he attended both morning and evening services. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed in the morning, and he came forward with a boy friend to the altar, which was already filled. He remained standing in the aisle, leaning against the



end of the seat directly ahead of the one occupied by his mother, who had just returned from the altar.

As he stood reverently waiting, catching his mother's eye he gave her a sunny little smile. As she watched him kneeling at the altar rail while receiving the "elements," she was strangely moved to tears. Afterwards she called to mind the incident, and noted the exact spot where he had knelt when he last ate bread in the house of God before sitting down in "His Kingdom."

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A few Sundays before the accident, Andrew was asked to give a chalk talk before his Sunday School class. He gave the talk, using a crayon and a large sheet of paper for that purpose. After the accident, Mrs. In-sley, his Sunday School teacher, placed the sheet in our hands, and it is one of the treasures hidden away

upon which we look at times and think of the little man who so faithfully followed in the "Footsteps of the Master."

\* \* \* \* \*

JESUS THE SAVIOR  
JUST THE SAME TODAY

GOING ABOUT DOING  
GOOD

WAS

FOLLOW HIS  
FOOTSTEPS.

CHALK TALKS.

## EASTER.

Andrew had been selected to extend a greeting to those attending the Easter Service on Sunday morning, April 15, 1906. When the exercises were held, the pastor read the greeting, for Andrew was singing his Easter Anthem with the "Redeemed in White." The greeting was as follows:

"We have met here on the day of our Lord's Resurrection to commemorate the gladdest morning of the year. It is the day when the rays of the rising sun showed an empty tomb where the body of our Lord had been placed, and when an angel's voice said to the sorrowing mourners, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" It is the gladdest day of all the year, because it gives us hope. Believing in Christ's resurrection, we sorrow not as they who lay their dead

away forever, but rather as those who leave their loved ones for a little while in a peaceful sleep, sure of a glad awaking."

## CHAPTER X.

### SUNNYSIDE.

"Oh it is wonderful that He should care  
For me, enough to die for me.  
Oh it is wonderful, wonderful to me,"

Sang Andrew. "Say, Mamma, I just love that piece," he said, and his voice rose full and clear again in his favorite song:

"I stand all amazed at the love Jesus offers  
me,  
Confused at the grace that so fully he  
proffers me;  
I tremble to know that for me He was  
crucified,  
That for me, a sinner, He suffered, He  
bled and died."

### THE WANDERING BOY.

"That is not your lesson, Andrew," called a voice from the foot of the stairs, while his violin rang out from the room above on, "Where is my

wandering boy tonight?" Suddenly the melody was changed and the monotonous notes of his exercise gave place to the tender song. "I wonder why I love that song so well," he said afterwards. "It just keeps ringing in my head all the time." When a member of the Boys' Orchestra at the Young Men's Christian Association, he used to play it on his violin every Sunday afternoon while the boys were gathering.

It was not an easy task for his music teacher, Professor Miller, to stand by his casket on the day of Andrew's "Coronation," and play the cherished song, for on the music stand near by hung his silent instrument beneath a great cluster of Easter lilies. Somehow, the master saw only his pupil's face, but we who listened, saw the face of a pleading mother and heard her voice crying out for her wayward boy, ever longed for and loved, and when the instru-

ment, too, cried out for sorrow with a voice almost human, we forgot for the moment our own grief and mingled our tears with those of the faithful, weeping mother, while the violin kept telling with ever increasing pathos, "My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows: Oh, where is my boy tonight?" And one mother realized that "pure as the morning dew" her boy, unstained by sin, had reached the home where there is no more sorrow nor crying, where the dear ones "go out no more" and her heart was comforted.

#### ENTERTAINMENT.

"See the little fellow with the violin," said one girl to another on the night the boys played at the League entertainment, "watch his face." They had played the "Palms" and when recalled played the famous "Glory Song." Lost to all else, with



his head thrown back and his great eyes looking away into space, Andrew played like one inspired through the sacred melody. No one who heard him on that night will ever forget his uplifted face and eyes that shone like stars, as with each note growing sweeter and clearer, he played on to the close:

"Friends will be there I have loved long ago,  
Joy like a river around me will flow,  
Yet, just a smile from my Saviour, I know  
Will through the ages,  
Be glory for me."

#### FLOWERS.

Andrew's love for flowers was ever apparent; always a boutonniere when flowers were obtainable, and always a plea to purchase flowers for the sick. Weeks after he left us we heard from various sources of kindly little acts that had endeared him to those who knew him. Close by his picture on the piano stands a little

goblet (a gift from the grandmother who used to cuddle him to sleep like a wee bird at night) in which the flowers are kept fresh, and looking from his face to the flowers, we think of the Master's garden where he walks amidst flowers that never fade.

#### THE FLOWER MISSION.

On the Sunday before the accident, Andrew called together the members of his Sunday School class and suggested that they organize a flower band, save their pennies and supply flowers to those needing sympathy and cheer. Acting upon the suggestion afterwards, the "Andrew Bruner Flower Mission" was organized in his class, and later, in the First Methodist Sunday School at Elgin, which in his memory will carry forward the work suggested by him. No flowers could be sweeter than the fragrance of his life, for there is nothing dearer

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to God than a tender, loving heart,  
"For of such is the Kingdom," said  
the Master, Who also said, "Consider  
the Lilies."

## CHAPTER XI.

### WHAT THEY TOLD.

From Miss Muse, Andrew's first teacher:

"I remember Andrew very well: how nearly every morning he came with some conundrum. With a roguish twinkle in his eye, he would say, 'What is behind a star?' Of course, I did not know, and he would answer, 'A policeman.' Also, 'Oh, Miss Muse, did you hear about the Twentieth Street hill?' 'No, what?' 'It's only a bluff.' This afforded great amusement for the rest of my large family.

"His favorite poems were Longfellow's 'Children's Hour,' 'Rover in Church,' and 'Little Boy Blue.'

"Mr. Ferguson, the county superintendent, used to call for those every time he came in, and it became a reg-

ular part of the program for Andrew to recite when we had company.

"He was so thoughtful of me. I remember once when I was standing to read a story, he slipped out of his seat, brought me a chair and said, 'Miss Muse, you look tired, sit while you read.'

"He was a worker. I cannot say a student, for we do not study in my baby room; quick to see the funny as well as the serious side; always in his place, and always at it; my brightest pupil; a favorite among his playfellows, and no one ever took his place until his brother James came to the baby room."

From Miss Channon, Andrew's teacher in Rock Island:

"A deep hush and gloom came over the teachers and pupils of the Lincoln School yesterday when we learned of the loss of dear little Andrew, and though I know how little words can comfort you, I hope at

least to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you and of how touchingly Andrew's former schoolmates have expressed their sorrow.

"While Andrew was in my room, just two years ago, I grew very fond of him. Aside from his being so bright and ambitious, his sunny smile and happy disposition were so irresistible with all that one felt to know him was to love him. In memory's picture I carry a very vivid impression of his 'cherub face' (as we teachers so often described it) as he sat in a front seat. He was so tiny compared with his classmates near my desk. When he was interested particularly in some line, I can see his face light up yet with the intensity of thought he so repeatedly showed in ambitious application.

"Andrew's life has not been in vain. He has lived and loved and been loved, which is all a manifestation of the love divine. His influ-

ence of character is doubtless sown in many hearts from which God, in His own time, will bring forth fruit abundant."

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From Mrs. Lovett, Andrew's Sunday School teacher, Rock Island:

"My acquaintance with Andrew as a member of my Sunday School class for so many months is cherished with pleasantest recollections. He was winning, always so respectful, and ever gave interest to the class and added so much to its welfare that he was always greatly missed by his classmates when unable to be present. He had a good wholesome influence upon the boys, remarkable for one so young. I remember several instances now when a word from him restored order to the class. In the class club, which the boys formed, and which met regularly for a while, Andrew held respectively the office of president and treasurer.

"When out of town, Andrew held the interest of the class at heart, as his letters testify; one of them I enclose in which he sent little messages to the boys. We who knew him only to love him feel that a great blessing has been taken away, but we believe also that the Father had a place ready for him up yonder which he wished him to fill. I shall ever treasure the memory of my little friend. I have a little token which he gave me one Christmas day which rests always on my dressing table, and is a constant reminder of the giver."

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From a member of Aunt "K's" family:

"Our memories of Andrew are all very pleasant, and we think of him very often. Eugene spoke today of the Fourth of July three years ago when Andrew stayed all night with



him and they got up at three o'clock in the morning and went down town to shoot off their fire crackers before any one was up.

"Mamma spoke of how proud she used to be of Andrew when she took him to the little 'Light-Bearers' society for small children that meets once a year in June. Andrew would always take part so cheerfully and do so well. The last time he was here he spoke Eugene Field's 'Little Boy Blue.' We did not have a copy of it in the house and Mamma wanted him to write it for her, and recently we came across the manuscript.

"On the Sunday before the accident we found the wide brimmed straw hat that he had left in the wood shed two years ago when he returned home. We carried it up-stairs and laid it away and talked for an hour or more about Andrew.

"Mamma used to miss him so much each time he returned home

about doing little errands for her. He always gathered the eggs and brought in the kindling and such things, and did it quickly and cheerfully.

“Mildred, (one of the twins) wants me to mention some wonderful balloons that Andrew brought to her and Millicent. They seem to remember all about them.”

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From Harry Chelseth, Andrew's playmate and chum:

“I found Andrew to be a true friend, always willing to lend a helping hand, and one who thought of his friends during time of illness. Well do I remember the feeling of joy that came over me when they brought the bouquet with Andrew's card attached, to my bedside where I lay sick with fever. His kindness and pity for the sick and helpless was expressed in those flowers.

"He was a true Christian, for I recall one incident in particular that revealed his strong character. Some of his friends were planning to take a drive on Sunday morning and asked Andrew to accompany them. He waited some time before replying, and then he quietly said, 'No, I will not go. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' His words so impressed the boys that they abandoned the drive and attended Sunday School.

"He was a boy of his word, and in outdoor play was never known to play false or use other than the best of language. I will always esteem the name of Andrew Bruner, and though he is not with us, he is not, and will never be forgotten."

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From Dr. C. O. McCullough, Normal, Illinois.

"I can remember him so well in

company with the grayhaired grandfather, as he sat at the services in the House of the Lord. Very vivid in my mind is the picture of a little lad, some would perhaps think too small to be taken into the Church of God, standing at the end of a row of candidates for church membership, to take the vows usually imposed upon such candidates before they are received into the fellowship of believers.

He seemed to realize that he was enlisting to soldier under the banner of the Captain of our salvation, and with as firm a voice as any one in the line, he replied to each and all of the searching questions put to the class, and though I took occasion to call special attention to him because of his size and age, and expressed the thought that he might become the most noted of the class, yet he stood firmly, while the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon him.

It has pleased God to permit him to

pass in ahead of many who witnessed his coming into the church, and those who would naturally be expected to be taken into the excellent glory before he was called. It may be God wanted one of the children to take the grandfather by the hand and walk with him along the streets of gold, and so little Andrew was asked to come. God has not blundered, nor has He been surprised by accident too swift for his eye or hand, and bye and bye, when the mists have cleared away, we will see that 'He hath done all things well.' "

#### EPWORTH LEAGUE.

From Miss Taylor, President of the Junior League, Rock Island:

"I think Andrew by nature was particularly friendly, and this gained for him friends everywhere. His interest in the Junior League was very gratifying, and he was very apt in

using the Bible. He was the only one in the primary division of the Junior League to complete what was known as the 'Chain of Seals' for memory work. He was always ready with a verse of Scripture, and his singing was an inspiration. He was a very enthusiastic member of the Anti-Cigarette League also. We all remember how often he sat with his grandfather in that front pew in the church, but none of us thought he would so soon be called to follow him to the better country."

As I write there lies before me a little New Testament, on the fly leaf of which is written these words: 'Andrew Bruner, for regular attendance at Junior League, Rock Island, February 8, 1903.'

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From Mrs. Crandall, who drilled the children for Christmas entertainments:

“He seemed by nature endowed to lead his fellows, and they seemed willing to follow where he led. My association with Andrew was principally at Christmas time when he took part in the church entertainments. He was one that I could depend upon at all times. He never failed or faltered. As leader of the ‘Icicle’ boys in our Christmas cantata, he stood first. After going through his drill once, I felt that my work was half finished, for he was always ready to head and lead his little army to success. To my mind, had his life been spared, he would have been, not only a comfort to his parents, but an honor to the name he bore. He was unusually bright, and never, in my experience with the boys, have I found one to equal him in memory.”

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From Mrs. Ralph Insley, Andrew’s last Sunday School teacher:

"To know him was to love him, and I knew him the first time I met him and felt that he was deserving of a much better instructor than I, but no one could have loved him any better than I. Andrew has lived his little hour with us here, and his memory is prized by all with whom he came in contact, and the sweet fragrance of his sympathetic, loving heart and smiling face will be lasting as eternity.

"I never knew the value of a sunny smile until the Lord took little Andrew to live with Him. I can never be quite the same again. His life has been an inspiration to better thoughts and loftier ideals. He was very anxious just before he left us that our class should form itself into a club and distribute flowers among the sick and needy, but before the arrangements could be completed he went to be with the Lord, 'which is far better,' and his classmates who



love and revere his memory have formed the club to be known as the 'Andrew Bruner Flower Mission,' and as I watch the boys, how they are emulating his example in 'going about doing good' and scattering sunshine, I feel that Andrew, 'being dead yet speaketh.'

"He was always in his place in the Sunday School and always greeted me with a sunny smile and when questioned regarding the lesson, seemed wise beyond his years in answering it.

"The Sunday following his 'Coronation Day,' his vacant chair was decorated with Easter lilies symbolic of the 'resurrection and the life.' "

"He is not dead, the child of our affection,  
But gone to that school  
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,

And Christ Himself doth rule.  
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion

By Guardian Angels led;  
Safe from temptation—  
Safe from sin's pollution:  
He lives—whom we call dead."

From Miss Major, Andrew's Sunday School teacher, Rock Island:

"In Andrew's last letter to me, he was telling me how, by being just twelve years old he was permitted to sing in the great choir during the Biederwolf meetings at Elgin. Little did I think when I read his letter that he would so soon be singing with the Heavenly chorus. His dear boyish letters did my heart good."

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From Mr. Badger, Department Superintendent, Sunday School, Elgin:

"I will remember Andrew, most on account of his last day in Sunday School when I taught his class. His interest and knowledge of the lesson, and his promptness and intelligence in answering questions was remarkable, and had I not urged the other boys to answer, he would have answered every question on the lesson."

I do not think the recollection of that day in the class with him will ever be effaced from my memory."

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The following letter from Paul regarding him, written at Moline, July, 1906, tells of his interest in the game of baseball:

"The first thing when I meet any one they remark Andrew's going away, and every one has a good word for the little fellow. I think, more and more now, how sad it was that he should have been taken when he showed so much promise. Mr. Johnston was telling me the other day, how, last summer, Andrew was wild to go to the ball games, and he would be so busy, but several times he had promised Andrew to go, and when the time came, busy as he was, he dropped his work and attended the game. He said Andrew knew all the

players, even on the opposing teams, and knew what town the home players were from and all about them. He would say, 'Ah, here's Pete Lister, he's a peach of a batter, and if the player made a hit, Andrew would be as happy as if he had received \$25.00, but if the player struck out, he would almost cry. At one game there was a scrap between two players, and before it was fairly started, Andrew had jumped the fence and was out in the center of the diamond, and when Mr. Johnston looked, there he stood right between the two players, looking up first into the face of one and then the other, listening with all his might. At the same game, Andrew spied Uncle Os over on the bleachers and cried, 'Hello there, Uncle Os,' in his hearty way, and Uncle Os lifted Andrew up on his shoulder and the two sat together and yelled and 'rooted,' and had a great time. In closing, Mr.

Johnston said, 'My, how he loved baseball. Poor little fellow,' and then he sat real still for a few moments and I thought he was going to cry. Andrew had a good time at Johnstons' last summer. I believe he got more enjoyment out of life than any one I ever knew."

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From Frank, written at Winnipeg, Canada:

"I was grieved to learn from your letter that the home was so broken up over Andrew's sad leaving. At any rate, in his short life he left a wonderful memory behind him, fragrant with the redolence of a thousand little acts of kindness through which the sunshine of love was always intermingling. The little incident of the old man to whom he had carried flowers, and the sight of his little boy and girl friends sobbing their hearts out after the funeral, are

still before me, and I cannot but think what a wonderful thing it was to live such a life. If I could look back over my own life today and remember one half as many good deeds as little Andrew, I would be very happy, and if there is any one thing that should reconcile you to Andrew's loss, it is the fact that he was one boy in a thousand, and left the world better for having lived here."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE HOMELAND.

On the day of the accident, the family gathered in the study for prayers immediately following the morning meal. Afterwards we remembered that the lesson read was Revelation 22, and told of the River of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the Throne of God and the Lamb, and the tree of life with twelve manner of fruits, the leaves of which were for the healing of the nations. After prayer, the morning hymn was sung by the entire family:

“Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.”

It was Andrew’s last song before he joined the “Choir Invisible.” He had finished his violin exercise be-

fore breakfast and at once began to work on his lesson to make up for time lost on account of illness. Urged to join in an orchestra selection, he replied, "I can't do it, boys, I must work on my lesson." While he was bending over the unfinished lesson, Philip and Paul began together to play on the cornet and piano, "Beyond the Gates of Paradise." Sweet and clear the sacred song rang out, and three times the clear blue eyes were raised to the east window in silent wonder. The rays of the morning sun fell tenderly on the spot where he had so often stood with his violin. A robin called softly to its mate from the maple tree, but his wondrous blue eyes were turned away from his book to drink in the beauty of the glorious spring morning. Who can doubt that through the open window he caught a glimpse of the city with jasper walls into which he was so soon to enter, and heard ce-



lestial voices singing to lure him away to join in the glad new song, "Beyond the Gates of Paradise."

His violin, upon which no note has since sounded, remains a silent tribute to the faithful little master.

"CORONATION DAY."

No one appeared to wonder on the day of Andrew's "Coronation" that the house of mourning was almost turned to a house of praise, for his favorite songs were sung, and the chapter read which he had last heard at family worship. Dr. Clendening, his pastor, told of the useful, happy little life, of his thoughtfulness for his mother, affection for the family and love for his home. His teacher played his favorite selection on the violin, while his playmates wept for the little friend they had learned to love, and all through the service there was told the story of an unsel-

fish little life that brought every member of the company close to the Man of Sorrows, and sent them away with tears on their faces and words ringing in their ears that meant larger sympathy and increasing loyalty to the Master.

**"JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN."**

On the Sunday evening before he left us, Andrew attended the evening service with Mr. Bayard, the church organist. Afterwards he said, "The prelude was beautiful." It was "Jerusalem the Golden," and on the day of his "Coronation," Mr. Bayard played it softly on the piano, while the school children passed by the flower covered casket, and those who watched the face of the player will never forget the expression of tenderness, for as his fingers touched the keys and the instrument gave back the sweet old story, the player caught

a "vision of the unseen," and the earthly music merged into the glad refrain away yonder in the city of "Jerusalem the Golden."

#### WHERE HE SLEEPS.

In Reynolds, fifteen miles from his old home in Rock Island, in the beautiful little cemetery on the hill, he sleeps. Here on Aunt "K's" farm nearby he spent his summer vacations; here it was that he organized the village boys into a ball team and attracted attention by his intense earnestness in play; here in summer he attended Sunday School and was known as Bible student and faithful scholar. Stretching away to the northwest are the waving fields of grain; above, the fleecy summer clouds; around, the drowsy hum of bees in the sweet clover, and the shrubs and trees that beautify the silent little city.

In the rows of evergreen trees that skirt the grounds, the doves have built their nests, and through the long summer days gently coo to their little ones. No harsh or discordant note disturbs his peaceful sleep, dear little man of precious memory. One of the songs he loved comes back to us with untold comfort today. Listening, we hear his voice sweet and clear singing as in the glad old days, and the words of the song are these:

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,  
Lay down thy head upon the Saviour's  
breast;

We loved thee well, but Jesus loves thee  
best,

Good-night, good-night, good-night.

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,  
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise  
And He shall come but not in lowly guise,  
Good-night, good-night, good-night.

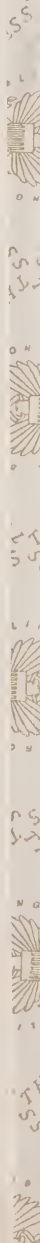
Only good-night, beloved, not farewell;  
A little while and all His saints shall dwell  
In hallowed union indivisible.

Good-night, good-night, good-night.

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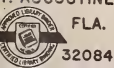


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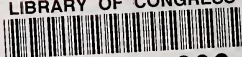
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